

# Lay It on Me

Kid Rock

Lay it on me  
King Cowboy baby, you know my credits  
Don't ask if it's true, fuck it I said it  
Regret it? (Never) Pimpin'? (Forever)  
Pull more hoe's than the free cash levers  
So you better never, question the cleaver, cleaver  
I sever whatever, forget her, and turn 'em redder than ever  
You better wet her, and leave her makin' her miss me  
Cause that's how we do it up in Detroit city

71 super charged big block hemmy  
Ya eldavarge, I'm livin' more like Lemmy  
B-B-B-B-B Benny and the jet's is hot  
But you aint never met a motherfucker like Kid Rock  
And Twisted Brown Truckers like a loaded gun  
We're the band that other bands run from  
Doin' the backstage boogie is where you'll find me  
If you want some of that flash a pass, come back and  
lay it on me

Lay it on me  
Baby you got  
Lay it on me  
Uhh..just lay it on me  
Lay it on me  
Lay it on me

Now, people always say I aint livin' right  
But it aint my fault you misplaced your light  
Replaced your wife with some 2 bit missy  
Now she's gettin' fucked up in Detroit city  
Kickin' with the hippies, bikers, thugs  
Hit me with a micky, fast women and drugs  
1 love, for 2 minutes a 3rd minute I'm gone  
Wake me up to eat around the crack of dawn  
I'm makin' pancakes baby if ya crack the eggs  
You'll feel the hours torn later when you spread your legs  
No need to bag, and don't trail behind me  
Just step up front a little lady and  
Lay it on me

Lay it on me  
Baby you got  
Lay it on me  
Uhh uhh uhh uhh..just lay it on me  
Lay it on me  
Lay it on me  
Hey, hey, hey

(talkbox)Here we go, lets, lets jam.  
We're comin', we're comin', we're comin'  
Live from Detroit it's Saturday night  
Got the funky fresh rhyme no beat to bite  
And to ya'll hee haws who thought I'd never rank  
I'm goin' hahahahaha all the way to the bank bitch  
I got rich off a keepin' it real  
While you radioheads are reinventin' the wheel

Got critics all trippin' off I don't know what  
While I'm sippin' king louie not givin' a fuck  
Trash me in the news, give me wack reviews  
But you'll never find another who can fill my shoes  
Who can roll the blues, who can rock the rap  
Who can rock, who can roll, who can flow like that  
Uhh black rim and a pocket full of phone numbers  
From Pam Anderson to Suzanne Summers  
Understand I want peace like Gandi  
But until that day I'ma walk this way so

Lay it on me  
I'm talkin' all night long  
Lay it on me  
Like a bang a gong  
Lay it on me  
With AC/DC on  
From hells bells to the next 9 songs  
Lay it on me  
I can love you like that  
Lay it on me  
I'd rather fuck to Foghat  
Lay it on me  
Yeah I can make you shake  
Slow ride it baby through the piano break  
Come on, come on, come on  
So step up front little lady  
Lay it on me  
Got to lay it on  
Lay it on me  
Yeahhhhhhhh yeahhhhhhhh  
Ohhhhhh lat it on me  
You gotta 1, 2, 3 give it up  
Lay it on me